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Youngfield, Ind. April 24, '83.

Dear Taylor:

Your illustrated postal was a great delight to me - although it rather unjustly accused me of neglect in not writing to you. But if it seemed neglect to you, a hundred other duties suffered the same treatment, and as unavoidable, -

I have been racing to keep up with the procession, and for a year have been too out-o-breath to even part a letter to my now only brother in the world - so you see I have some claim not only on your forgiveness but your sympathy as well.

How I want to see you, and how I want to talk and talk with you!

On a flying visit to Greencastle some weeks ago, I had the great pleasure of meeting with your Mother for the

first time - a wonderful woman
I thought her. She told me you
were expected out this way again
in a short time - but you never
came - or - if you did - slipped like
a gleam of vigilant easiness
past me, as you did the visit to
Fire Hunter and Crawfordville be-
fore. Later I saw your brother
John, who said he'd tell me where
you came, but I have heard no
word from him since then.

The closing lecture season has
been good to me all through - far
better than any season I have yet
experienced. I had two months
of it in New England states,
and seemed to capture every
audience. I have many new things
written, but few committed. This
summer I must devote largely to
that very difficult and disagreeable
study. Will have for next season's
business one brain-splitting new
lecture entitled "Eli, and How He
Got There." It will have stuff
in it you would like I am sure,
and I'd like to give it at you.

I have a regular engagement with
Loife, a new humorous illustrated pub-
lication at New York which pays me
handsomely, and promises to broaden
and advance my literary prospects -
in that line, of course. Outside of
contributions there in verse I have
a prose series running, under title
"Tudkins' Boy", which will continue in-
definitely - having taken so well, I
am just informed by Editor that
a Boston artist will illustrate the
continued numbers - sending me an
illustrated letter from him over which
I have laughed till I cried.

And now God bless you! I think
of you all the time, and must see
you soon - your good wife and the
children. Give all my heartiest regards

And warmest wishes, and read aloud
to them the very latest jingles the
tardy-coming summer has wrought
from the weeping pen of

Yours As Ever,

J.W. Riley.